CHILDREN CHANGED IN TYPE

THE FASHION NOW FOR THIN LEGS AND STRAIGHT HAIR.

Gone Are the Ringlets and Chubbiness of Old—Is the Change Due to the Artists of Children or to Modern Methods of Bringing Up Children Scientifically?

The fashion in children has changed. There is a quaint humor in the thought that should tickle even a sociologist and set him on lightsome speculations.

For we are not dealing, mind you, with the ponderous, patriarchal aspect of the subject. We all know that the good old fashioned family of anywhere from ten to twenty-two children would now be held to be as out of place as an uproarious laugh or a burst of sobs, and that as to the vexed question of upbringing such maxims as "spare the rod and spoil the child" and "children should be seen and not heard" are now very much out of date.

No! it is not the metaphysical, statistical, pessimistic phase of the question which is under discussion, but just the superficial side of it with which artists have to deal, the actual change of fashion as to what the admired type of child should be. Mothers,

THE ROBUST CUPID AND THE NEAT FAIRY OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

if they have not already made the discovery, will please take notice.

The change in fashion seems to be chiefly in the matter of hair and legs. Once upon a time a robust cupid or a neat fairy in ringlets was the sort of child worth boasting of. Now an awkward little thing on pipestems with straggling locks is earnestly admired. Straight hair was once almost a deformity. Most folks over 30 can remember the trouble, not to say disgrace, that beset a straight haired child and its mother, the taunts they suffered and the torments, in the line of artificial aids to curliness, such as rags, papers and innumerable tiny braids, not to mention curls made with soap and baked before the fire. Similarly the possession of a child with a handsome round leg and a small foot was a blessing to make envious those mothers who had infinite trouble in keeping up the stockings on their thin legged offspring.

Times have changed indeed. The modern

THE LATEST FASHION IN CHILDREN.

infant as drawn by popular illustrators has usually straight hair cropped smartly about the neck and fashion seems to be in favor of a spindling, knock-kneed, pigeon-toed effect about the legs which is fondly supposed to embody the innocent weakness and naive awkwardness of childhood. This fancy for aboriginal turned in toes proves that the Snip Snaps are banished as severely as all the other bogies, for they used to be a most effective discourager of toeing in when some savage bachelor uncle threatened with suggestive clashing of the big paper shears to call them in to snip off the offending toes.

You may see the modern types of child in books and magazine illustrations, charmingly comical, with all the angular uncertainty of limb, the awkward wistfulness of a puppy. The old type, beautifully rounded and finished with cherubic face and the grace of a kitten, will be found in engravings and old pictures.

Has the childish physique really changed or is the vision of the artist aided by public sentiment entirely responsible for the change in the child type? Perhaps you may think that the noble children of the old Italian masters were ideal, but last summer a veritable Raphael cherub was seen toddling about a Vermont orchard. His parents came from the north of Italy to be sure, but there was the beautiful creature of some three years with dancing gold brown curls and magnificent limbs and body kindly displayed by his one little open garment.

Surely, one does sometimes see trim, graceful little girls with tapering, neatly finished legs, though it must be confessed that crops of ringlets are now very rare. It is possible that the very difficulty of reaching the ringlet ideal may have been the cause of its downfall as a fashion. A surfeit of little Lord Fauntleroy curls immediately preceded the present universal cropping.

It cannot be denied that the art of Kate Greenaway had a positive and wide reaching influence on the externals of child life. She actually inspired a much needed reform in the comfort and simplicity of children's clothes by her revival of the lovable fashions of 1800, and her tender way of depicting the unconscious charm and simple helplessness of childhood was a revelation. But she did not sacrifice beauty to humor.

This can scarcely be said of Boutet de Mouvel, who, though he owed much to Kate Greenaway, was in a stricter sense the founder of the modern school. In his demure, little awkward figures there is a world of meaning.

They are full to running over with the humor of childlife and express its emotions, though the drawing of a head is merely a simple oval with two dots for nose and some delicate accents for eyes and mouth. In a letter published in the *Century* Mouvel explains his method of representing children thus:

"I have learned that there is one all important element which we must seek in everything which we would reproduce, and which for want of a more definite word we may call soul, the spirit of the object represented. In comparison with this sense of individual character all else is unimportant."

If this grasp of the character, the soul, of the modern child, such as the modern artist represents it to be, is the real reason for the complete change in the physical type, we have a situation of the gentlest irony. Here we have a small person who is surrounded from its birth by the inexorable laws of sanitation. Everything is sterilized from its food to its clothing.

The period at which it begins its athletic training is sometimes as early as three months, but fresh air and cold baths are always on tap and lunches between meals are discouraged from the very beginning. Later it is coaxed gently into study by all manner of pleasant bypaths from kindergartens to nature study classes, and its amusements are legion, including a wealth of picture books and every toy that human ingenuity can invent.

And yet the modern artist draws the modern child thin, shapeless, hesitating, restrained, pensive and wistful. Take the other side of the picture. As Mr. Earle says:

"The old time child was of as little importance in domestic, social, or ethical relations as his childish successor is of great importance to-day. There was none of that exhaustive study of the motives,

THE CHILD BY KATE GREENAWAY AND BY MOUVEL.

thoughts and acts of the child which is now rife."

The theories which governed his physical being would now be thought destructive to a degree. In all the old time behavior books the hands and face were the only portions of his body which a child was urged to wash, but there was a curious hardening fancy introduced by Leoche which demanded that the child's shoes should be so thin that they might leak and let in water, by which means he would in time become utterly indifferent to wet feet.

Besides the terrific doses of drugs with which his system was wracked, he was treated with many revolting domestic nostrums. One of the principal ingredients of Venice treacle was vipers, and snail water was a trusted remedy for many ills. Children, both boys and girls, were dressed in every item exactly like their fathers and mothers, and boys were kept in "coats" until four and a half or five years old, which means that they wore the long petticoat and apron of a grown woman.

Learning, which was ardently desired, was acquired by the hardest labor. From hornbook and primer the small scholar stepped straight into the Latin grammar, which he was expected to master even if he went through the book twenty times. Mrs.

NOT AFRAID OF THE SNIP-SNAPS.

Earle tells of a minister who, while he was shaving each morning, had his little son, aged 5, stand on a footstool by his dressing table and read Latin to him.

The father also had a copy of the book open before him that he might correct errors and sometimes was so angered at what he thought the boy's slowness of progress and bad pronunciation that he would throw the book at the child and once felled him from the footstool to the floor. This was discipline, and of it the old time child had full and plenty, of every degree and variety from "thimel pie," which was a smart rap on the head from a heavy thimble, to an application of the rod, which was a bundle of birch twigs. No moral suasion in his lot.

"Children were taught a profound respect of their parents, teachers and guardians and implicit, prompt obedience." They were also thoroughly drilled in manners and courtesy. The amusing picture book was unknown, but instead they were regaled with such literature as this: "A Token for Children, Being an Exact Account of the Conversion, Holy and Exemplary Lives and Joyful Deaths of Several Young Children."

There was scant time allowed for play, and diligence in some really useful occupation such as chores for the boys and sewing and other household tasks for the little girls was early insisted upon. They had only the simple games which had been handed down from remote antiquity and a few crude toys, and yet with all these drawbacks to a carefree childhood they are made to appear plump, rosy, active and joyous.

What is the explanation? Have children really changed, and may the apparent anomoly be justified by the theory that the old time child, robust and hearty in spite of hardships, is an example of the survival of the fittest, while the modern child, delicate and discontented, shows the evil results of too much pampering? Or are the artists entirely responsible for it in their effort to record the changing fashions in childish hair and legs?

THE HUMBLING OF A GAMBLER

Providence Finds a Modest Instrument to Down Bashford.

It was a little after sunset and the quiet along the street running up and down the levee at Arkansas City seemed to betoken a peaceful evening.

Suddenly the door of old man Greenhut's saloon flew open violently and a small but remarkably active procession issued through the portal. The first figure was that of a middle aged man. Had he been standing still no one would have suspected him of being fleet of foot, but as he came from the door he displayed fairly wonderful speed.

The rest of the procession consisted of an elderly man, stout but vigorous, swinging a bungstarter in one hand and exerting himself to the utmost to get within reach of the man who came first. Following, and pausing then to enjoy a leisurely view of the proceedings, came a small group of the frequenters of the place.

The pageant ceased to be a procession after about a hundred yards had been covered from the starting point. Old man Greenhut—for it was he who carried the bungstarter—discovered promptly that he was losing ground, and pulling himself up short he took careful aim and hurled his weapon at his fleeing foe.

It struck the mark fairly, catching the fugitive between the shoulders with a blow that would have disabled him had he been standing still. As it was the blow was comparatively light. It knocked him down, but he was on his feet again in a moment and continued on apparently unhurt.

"Serves me right, I reckon," grumbled old man Greenhut after he had recovered his breath and had made his way back to his saloon. "Serves me right f'r lettin' a yap like that come into the place an' git away with four drinks afore payin'. There ain't no doubt, though, but he'll get come up with."

The old man sighed as he put away his bungstarter in its usual place. Then opening a fresh box of cigars he picked out a choice black one, and lighting it carefully walked around to his favorite seat by the window. Putting his feet on the sill he smoked in silence so long that the others thought he had forgotten his recent footrace. Presently, however, he said:

"That same yap 't went out o' here a spell ago were once the onworthy instrument o' Providence in humil'atin' one o' the most pestiferous two legged skunks 't ever disturbed the peace in Arkansas.

"Like enough I wouldn't a' stood for him, not for a minute, 'f I'd remembered who he was, but it's on'y just come to me 't he's the same feller 't used to hang 'round the s'loons in Little Rock doin' odd jobs f'r drinks, but never buyin'.

"This here Sim Titherington, as he calls hisself, sure does p'int a moral f'm the way he brung Hosee Bashford to grief. An' there wa'n't no credit comin' to him f'r doin' it at that. Just dumb headed blunderin' like you'd look for f'm cattle like him.

"This here Hosee Bashford was a crossroads gambler 't went up an' down the hull State 'f Arkansas. He was a tall, fine lookin' feller 't made a bluff at bein' a fighter, seein' he come f'm the Ozarks, but I never heer'd o' him doin' no real fightin'. 'Pears his talents was in the way o' slipping outen a scrap 'thouten gettin' hurt his own self. As f'r hurtin' 'tother man, 'twa'n't.

"He was a poker player, and a slick one. They said there wa'n't no better in the State them days, an' that was nigh fifteen year ago. Anyways, he made money constant, an' there was them looked up to him consequent, but there was stories goin', too, an' 'coordin' to what was said, 'peared he hadn't no moral character.

"One almighty ugly yarn I heerd f'm a feller 't claimed to come f'm the same parts this here Bashford did. 'Pears him an' some other feller 't was monstrous handy with the cards made it up to play pals. 'Tother man was a p'fessional, too, but one o' the better sort, an' stood by his pals. An' bein' straight hisself, he trusted Bashford.

"They done tol'able good f'r a spell, an' used f'r to take trips on the St. Francis an' through the country, skinnin' the yaps amazin,' bein' as they knowed each other's game an' had signals besides They got into a big game one night, though, an' made it up f'r Bashford to win an' f'r 'tother feller to plug his game, makin' out, o' course, 't they was strangers. It worked all right, an' Bashford quit the game with nigh two thousand velvet, 'tother feller goin' broke at the table. Then Bashford, gi'in' him the slip as they was goin' to their room, an' gettin' a-hossback, rode f'r his life across country with all the wad.

"When I heer'd this yarn I says to the feller 't told me how 'twas his business to warn the c'munity agin Bashford. 'He ain't got no moral character,' I says, 'an' if he ain't found out he'll do damage to the reppytation of Little Rock.'

"But this feller wouldn't listen. Said he wa'n't huntin' f'r trouble with Bashford, an' 'twa'n't none o' his business, nohow. Then, when I put it to him stronger he wanted me to tell, but I told him that was different. I didn't play myself, an' besides I didn't know nothin' mor'n what he'd told.

"A'ter that I heer'd consid'able more o' the same sort, 's long's Bashford stayed in Little Rock, 'n' that was f'r a spell. 'Peared he'd throwed two or three sidepartners the same way. Didn't 'pear to reco'nize no difference 'tween his pal an' a sucker when it come to gettin' away with a wad.

"You'd 'a' thought he'd 'a' been killed, but he had a real talent f'r gettin' away 'thouten a fight. But there wa'n't nobody in Little Rock, 's fur 's I know, cared to take it up f'r them 't he'd did up, but I took notice there wa'n't none o' the' sports there 't 'peared to care about cottonin' to him f'r a sidepartner.

"So it went along f'r quite some. There was a heap o' poker played in Little Rock that winter, 'count o' the Legislater bein in session, an' Bashford, havin' money an' bein' slick an' good lookin', got consid'able many chances to play. He wa'n't never caught playin' crooked, not till the time this Jim Titherington butted in, what I was tellin' you, an' was some looked up to, 'long o' bein' prosperous.

"'Long toward the end o' the session the poker playin' got faster an' furiouser. There hadn't been no great pickin's in the lobby that year an' some o' the members was gettin' desprit, havin' spent too much an' needin' for to take money home. Just nachully there wa'n't no other way to get it on'y playin' poker, an' some on 'em didn't get it.

"There was a back room in the place where I was tendin' bar, some like my back room here, an' there was a game on 'most every night. 'Peared like as fast as one member o' the Legislater 'd go broke there 'd be another lookin' f'r a game. Bashford played tol'able frequent, an' Jim Warner, 't was my boss, played in his own house, an' there was another p'fessional name o' Fisher 't lived in Little Rock an' was a friend o' Warner's. Then there was a Senator name o' Griggs 't had money to burn an' didn't mind startin' a fire any old time, an' a young feller, member o' the house, 't was named Sanders 't was reckoned in consid'able straits an' was tryin' hard to win out.

"They was all crackerjack players, an' the same five uster play two or three times a week f'r a month or more till the game broke up sudden one night. Cur'ous enough, I ain't never heer'd a word o' Bashford f'm that night till now.

"They set in that night to play for blood. They flashed a thousand apiece at the start. I know that, f'r I sold 'em chips, an' I knowed, too, that some on 'em had a good bit more'n that in their jeans.

"O' course Warner knowed, but I reckon the others didn't, as I had a handy openin' in the wall, nigh the end o' the bar, where I o'd see tol'able nigh all 't happened. There wa'n't no great privacy about it at that, bein' as the door stood half open, an' anybody o'd walk in f'm the front room if he liked.

"I was watchin' Bashford, special, an' I reckon there was others, but I couldn't see nothin' crooked, an' I knowed o' course no one else did, 'thouten there sure bein' a disturbance, but he certain was winnin'. Sanders was losin' heavy an' Warner got bit twice for consid'able, but the others was doin' fair when there come a hand when he was liable for to do 'em all, p'vidin' he filled again.

"It was Sanders's deal an' Bashford's age. Fisher come in, Griggs trailed, Warner raised, Sanders stayed an' Bashford made good. Then Fisher raised an' Griggs trailed, Warner raised agin, Sanders stayed, an' so did Bashford. Then Fisher an' Warner both raised once more an' everybody stayed, so there must 'a' been $1,200 or $1,500 on the table afore the draw. An' then Bashford called for one card.

"Just afore that this here Sim Titherington 't I was tellin' about come into the barroom, kind o' snoopin' 'round, lookin' f'r chores to do, an' o' course, lookin' f'r a drink f'r doin' of 'em. Warner 'd al'ays kind o' pitied him, an' told me to be easy with him, so when he ast me if there was anythin' he o'd do, I told him to fetch the empty glasses outen the back room, which they'd had a drink served a few minutes afore.

"Well, he went into the room just as Bashford was calling f'r his card, an' he seen what I seen, 't Bashford dropped a card on the floor, but he didn't know, what I did, 't twan't no accident, an' he dives down as quick as a flash an' picks the card up, and offers it to Bashford.

"'O' course, they all see that, an' Warner says, 'What are you doin'?' So Titherington, he says: 'The gentleman done dropped a card.' So Bashford says, 'You're drunk. I didn't drop no card,' an' that put it up to me. I speaks up, through the wall, an' I says, 'Oh, yes you did. I seen it.' An' then there was things diddin'.

"Fisher was reachin' for his gun, but the Senator says 'Hold on. I reckon there won't have to be no shootin'. Let's count the cards.'

"Well, you seen the way Titherington went out o' here a spell ago when I tackled him f'r the price o' them drinks. 'Peared to be some rapid, wa'n't it? Well it was slow alongside o' the way Bashford stepped out while they was countin' the cards. He didn't take more 'n three steps to the street, an' when the rest of us got to the door he wa'n't anywhere. An' nobody ever seen him in Little Rock a'ter that.

"The house was in some, 'count o' the chips he left, but Warner was tol'able sore, even at that, f'r he knowed as well as anybody what a disgrace 'tis to a house for to have anybody caught playin' crooked poker."

Sheridan Twice Married.

From the London Standard.

Gretna Green, of which we have been hearing again in the courts, keeps its jubilee this year as the Gretna Green at which the village blacksmith may no longer unite fleeing lovers in the bonds of matrimony. It was in 1857 that the Gretna Green marriages were made illegal. A glance at its registers may yet inspire the novelist of the future. One entry will be sure to puzzle. Twice within a few days occurs the record of the marriage of Richard Brinsley Sheridan to Miss Grant.

There was only one R. B. S., only one bride for the same gentleman. The double entries are not the result of any plunder on the part of the Rev. Mr. Vulcan. The parties were really twice married at Gretna Green. Arriving on a Sunday they were duly wedded, and sped away to Edinburgh. There, however, Sheridan chanced to glance at a newspaper in which appeared the lucubrations of a lawyer. In these plainly stated was the fact that no contract executed on a Sunday is binding. Clearly, then, the wedding was not legal.

Back to Gretna Green they scurried, to be remarried on a weekday, and leave the dual record to perplex later generations of sympathetic searchers of the records.

Largest Bass Hatchery.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Eleven lakes in Forest Park, covering eighty acres, constitute the largest bass and crappie hatchery in the United States. The depletion of the streams and lakes throughout Missouri, caused by the increase in angling in the past few years, requires a large fish reserve. The purpose of the Missouri Fish Commission has been assisted in its course by the cooperation of our municipal assembly in granting the State the use of Forest Park waters as breeding ground without compensation, and in the form of ten year leases, to be renewed at the expiration of the period for which the lease runs.

Notwithstanding the lack of sufficient labor caused by the need of funds, the bass and crappie crop for the last biennial year was the greatest in the history of the commission. From the Forest Park hatchery 65,368 black bass were distributed in private waters and 246,925 were transferred to the streams and lakes of our State, the total being 303,293, so we see the office Forest Park fills in the welfare of Missouri.

There were 159,694 crappie distributed, so the grand total is 406,694, with 138,000 on hand after distribution.

WORK OF THE TUB CARRIERS

ONE OF THE ODDEST OF THE CITY'S MANY ODD TRADES.

Followed as an Occupation Steadily—Colored Men Employed in This Labor—One New York Trucking Concern That Makes a Business of Hauling Tubs Only.

Among the unusual employments in which men may be found engaged in this city is that of carrying washtubs. The men who follow it work at it regularly year in and year out.

The tub carriers are employed by a trucking concern that makes a business of hauling tubs and delivering them in buildings wherever they are to be set, this being the only trucking outfit devoted solely to this business in the city. Just as there are some trucking concerns that devote themselves solely to the dry goods trade, and some to the grocery trade, and so on, this concern, as it has been doing for now ten years or more, devotes itself solely to hauling tubs, using about twenty trucks in this work and employing additional trucks when needed.

There are other truckmen, to be sure, who have more or less tubs, but this one outfit alone hauls probably more than half of all the tubs set up in New York and its immediate vicinity. It has its headquarters in Brooklyn, on the waterfront.

Set washtubs are made of soapstone, of cement, and of porcelain. Cement tubs, which cost less than soapstone, are now used in great numbers; comparatively few porcelain tubs are used because of their greater cost. Porcelain tubs are made in Trenton, N. J., cement tubs in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, and great numbers of the soapstone tubs are made in Virginia, in some parts of which State there are found abundant quarries of stone suitable for the purpose.

Virginia tubs are shipped in carloads from factories there to tidewater at Hampton Roads, to be brought thence by steamer to New York, and here lightered around to Greenpoint, or otherwise distributed. In carload lots they might be lightered to Yonkers, or to Jersey City, or elsewhere hereabouts.

The tubs that come thus to the Greenpoint storehouse are here removed from the lighters on small flat cars rolling on tracks that run into the storehouse. The tubs thus shipped here are all of standard sizes and dimensions, and these constitute the great bulk of all the tubs sold and set; but the manufacturers keep at work here a force of about fifty men to make special tubs to order as may be required.

The tub trucking company has a branch warehouse in The Bronx convenient to water transportation for the receipt of tubs and it keeps there a few of its trucks. It hauls tubs, in that direction, as far away as Mount Vernon; it sends trucks and men to Jersey City to haul and handle tubs landed there; and it hauls tubs in or about the city anywhere within a radius of twenty miles from the City Hall.

Many of these tubs are hoisted up, as pianos are hoisted, on the outside of buildings, to the several floors on which they are to be placed, by means of a block and tackle suspended from the roof; tubs are of course carried up on an elevator when there is one available in the building under construction; but great numbers of the tubs have to be carried upstairs to wherever they are to go, and a washtub of this sort is a heavy load to carry. A cement tub of the regular kind, two tubs in one piece, weighs about 400 pounds, while the regular soapstone tub weighs about 450 pounds.

For tub carriers the tub trucking concern has long employed, as it still does, colored men. There is an art in carrying tubs, as there is in everything else, and the men have to learn this; but once they have mastered it they get away with the heavy tubs easily. It takes three men to carry such a tub upstairs, one at the front and two at the back.

They turn the tub over, bottom up, and the front man gets under and partly inside the front end; he is to support the tub at that end and to steady and guide it. The other two men support the tub at the rear, one at each corner, and some men prefer to carry, or get accustomed to carrying, at one particular corner or the other, and always carry there, as one may always carry at the left corner, or he may prefer always to carry at the right. The two rear men support the greater part of the load.

When three skilled tub carriers have got a tub turned over and lifted and properly balanced and supported they walk away with it up the stairs to the top, where the man in front guides it around to clear the railings and walls, the rear men following, and so they carry it along the hall and on up the next flight of stairs, and so on to the floor where it is to go. It is hard work, sure enough, but able bodied men accustomed to it get away with the tubs in that manner readily, and what with the hoisting and other work about them they won't right along at the handling and carrying of tubs steadily day after day, theirs constituting certainly one of the oddest of the city's unusual but still regular employments.

It might be wondered how even a limited number of men could find regular employment the year through in carrying washtubs. One might think, if he thought of it at all, as he shut down the covers of the set tubs in his own house, that it couldn't require such a very great number of tubs to supply the whole city; but, at a rough estimate, there are set up here in New York and in the immediately surrounding territory about 75,000 tubs annually.

FIRST TO BRING DUSE HERE

New York Career of the Late Theodor Rosenfeld and His Brother.

Theodor Rosenfeld, who died the other day at Carlsbad, where during the summer he conducted the Passage Theatre, is well remembered in New York.

The régime of the Rosenfeld brothers here although brief was notable. Carl, who survives his brother and has a theatre in Berlin, was the artistic member of the combination, while Theodor looked after the business end. They were the first to bring to New York Eleonora Duse, Josef Kainz and the Meiningen actors.

The Rosenfelds appeared first in New York with the famous Lilliputians, whom they introduced at Niblo's Garden in the early '80s. These clever dwarfs made a great financial success and journeyed prosperously from one city theatre to another.

Carl could do anything necessary to produce the fantastic pieces performed and even wrote them himself. He trained the diminutive actors how to speak every line, taught the ballet how to make its steps, told the scene painter what sort of marine blue he wanted and gave the conductor the right tempi for all the music. It was often an amusing sight when this bulky, florid Austrian pirouetted about the stage to show a dancer just the effect he wanted.

No detail of their work was too trivial for these two men. Theodor in the business administration of affairs was just as practical as his brother, and nobody in this land of business could fool him.

With the money they earned from their troupe of dwarfs the brothers took the Thalia Theatre and for one season showed what a German manager could do. In addition to the Meiningen actors, Josef Kainz was brought here for the first time. Adele Sandrock was another importation. In this same season they produced for the first time here Hauptmann's "Before Sunrise."

It was the first New York engagement of Eleonora Duse that showed the real artistic spirit of the brothers. The Italian actress was scarcely known here, even by name. She had been famous in Italy for years and her fame had become international through her appearances in Vienna in 1892.

The next season she arrived here to play at the Fifth Avenue Theatre and won her way in a new country by acting a repertoire such as none of her admirers ever saw her in before. She even played *Cyprienne* in "Divorçons" during that engagement and acted in "La Femme de Claude." None of these dramas ever again appeared in the limited repertoire that she acted here.

Their confidence in a play that made a great sensation in Germany, and in every country but the United States for that matter, led the brothers to produce "Hannele" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, but it had only a few performances. A short season of plays in English followed and then the two returned to Germany, where they found the theatrical situation more to their taste. Carl now has the management of the Luisen Theatre and the Passage Panopticum in Berlin.

The two brothers started from the humblest beginnings. There was exhibited not many years ago in Vienna a mechanical figure not unlike our own Ajeeb of hallowed memory at the Eden Musee. This machine talked, answered questions and played very good chess and cards.

Once some of the precious Archdukes of Austria decided to expose this wonder, which they did by proving what the whole world knew—that a dwarf was inside it. In recognition of this noble service the manager was told to shut up shop and cease "swindling" the loyal subjects of the empire.

The two Rosenfelds had been interested in exploiting this mystery. They saw discharged all the dwarfs who had been accustomed to crawl inside the automatic man. It occurred to them that this stunted talent might be utilized, and Carl wrote a little farce for them that was acted at a small suburban theatre in Vienna. The plan pleased and out of this grew the Lilliputians and the career of the Rosenfelds.